

Engl. Theatre
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T H E
GENERAL LOVER
A
COMEDY.

By Mr. MOSS. *K*

N^o 4



L O N D O N.

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THE
GENERAL
COMPTON



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T O

Miss

* * *

MADAM,



Esplendent Graces are most amazingly conspicuous in your Countenance. And, dear Lady, when I revolve my Thoughts on the Greatness and Number of your Charms, it is then I enjoy the most inexpressible Rapture and Delight. You cannot but be sensible, whenever I'm in Company with you, notwithstanding my strongest Efforts to conceal it, that all my Soul is in my Eyes, that I'm scarcely capable of saying one witty thing; but when I attempt to speak before you,
my

DEDICATION.

my Tongue falters, my Lips quiver,
and my Head trembles. In short,
Madam, as I indulge the most vio-
lent Flame for you, that ever pos-
sels'd a mortal Bosom; as most of the
Products of my Muse have claim'd you
for my Subject; as this is my first dra-
matic Essay; and as I had you in my
Eye in drawing one of the Characters,
I thought I cou'd do no less than lay
it at your Feet, and crave your Patro-
nage. I own its Unworthiness, but *may*
be it may serve as a Divertisement
for a Leisure-Hour, and be look'd on
favourably, because the Composition
of one, who is,

MADAM,

with the utmost Devotion,

Your obedient Servant,

and ardent Lover,

THEOPHILUS MOSS.



THE

PREFACE.

 *T*is not out of *Vanity*, or in *Expectation* of being contradicted, when I assure the Reader, in my own Opinion, the following is a trite, and insipid Performance, the Product of a juvenile Quill and very incorrect. However, I'm intirely unconcern'd about its Reception, and if it dies in the Month, I shall be as easy, as tko' it lives these seven Years; I did intend to inscribe it to a certain upstart Slobberer of elegiac Rant and Dribble, as a proper Patron of Nonsense, as one who has an utter Aversion to common Sense; but I thought he was beneath

P R E F A C E.

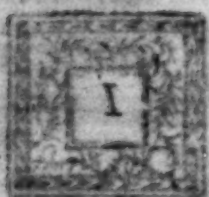
beneath my Notice ; *that it wou'd be barbarous to lose him ; and that he was not worth meddling with ; I therefore chose a fatter Subject, a Subject truly charming, and infinitely copious. But if I begin to think of that, it will hurry me away into an Ocean of Matter, where I shall be unable to make use of that * Rudder, which is almost already lost.*

• Reason.

E H T

P R E F A C E

*I am not out of my mind, or in a passion, when I say, that I have chosen a fatter Subject, a Subject truly charming, and infinitely copious. But if I begin to think of that, it will hurry me away into an Ocean of Matter, where I shall be unable to make use of that * Rudder, which is almost already lost.*



Performance, the Product of a private Study and very imperfect. However, I infinitely unconcern'd about its Reception, and if it dies in the Month, I shall be as easy, as if it were dead before I did intend to inscribe it to a certain upstart Slobberer of elegant Verse and Diddle, as a proper Patron of Noisance, as one who has no other Reason for his common Sense ; but I thought he was beneath

PROLOGUE.



PROLOGUE.

TO you, ye Fair, in haste the Author flies;
In all his Writings, he to please you tries:
Heaven's bless him! he has prosper'd several Ways;
—Why did he meddle, (Stupid Fool!) with Plays?
In them 'tis wond'rous hard your Taste to hit,
But still,— he thinks he has a Flow of Wit.
'Tis his poor first Essay:—Forgive but This,
The next perhaps will not be much amiss.
Your Favour now he asks, which if you'll grant,
'Tis all he aims at, and 'tis all he'll want.

Here Vice in various Shapes is drawn, 'tis true;—
But 'tis in Ridicule expos'd to View.
The swagg'ring Atheist a Poltroon appears;—
Tho' he seems fearless, ev'ry Thing he fears.
The Wretch in Words both Heaven and Hell defies;
Yet shudders when he sees a Ghost arise.
The Wanton Wife, with hypocritic Tears,
Coaxes her Deary, impotent thro' Years;
Seems a meer Saint of ev'ry Sin a Scorn'r,
Yet hugs her broad back'd Lover in a Corner.——
Her treach'rous Arts to abandon'd Strumpet shows,
Drinks down her Cull, and strips him of his Cloaths;—
Another set each Sister Minx despises;—
They brawl, — call Names, a Battle soon arises.

Justice, on i' other Hand, is here regarded,
And real Merit (as it ought) rewarded.
Our Rakes reclaim, repent their Follies past,
And virtuous Love successful proves at last,
Ye British Fair, ye Glories of our Isle,
Grant but our Author one approving Smile:
He's satisfy'd, and still will strive to raise
Immortal Columns to record your Praise.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN

Will. Trueman,	<i>Duke of Savoy disguis'd.</i>
Tom. Lovelass,	<i>A young Lord, his Friend, the</i>
Mr. Newcomb,	<i>General Lover.</i>
Mr. Wasp,	<i>in love with Fanny,</i>
Don Alphonso,	<i>A peevish, rich, old Man, in</i>
Don Diego and Don Pedro,	<i>love with his Maid.</i>
Snipsnap,	<i>A Spaniard.</i>
Jacomo,	<i>Spaniards.</i>
	<i>Servant to Lovelass.</i>
	<i>Servant to Trueman.</i>

WOMEN

Sapphira,	<i>in love with Trueman,</i>	} <i>Orphans</i>
Melissa,	<i>in love with Lovelass.</i>	
Fanny,	<i>in love with Newcomb</i>	
Fatima,	<i>Daughter to an Indian Brahman,</i>	
Miss Wasp,	<i>only Child to old Wasp.</i>	
Jenny,	<i>Servant to Miss Wasp.</i>	
Don Diego's Wife.		
Ladies, Sailors, Courtezans, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Ho- fess, Clowns, &c.		

Scene London.



T H E
GENERAL LOVER.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*Enter Trueman and Lovelass in their Great Coats
and dirty Boots.*

Lovelass.



OW, Billy, I'll shew you Sport;
follow me, my good Friend, here's
Game enough; I have started one,
and run her down already, without
plucking off my Boots, or stripping
to the Chace.

True. Thou art a wild young Rogue, Tom;
but I profess here are some of the most charming

B

Creatures

Creatures I ever set my Eyes on. You said well, when you told me *London* was as far preferable to *Savoy*, as a Seraglio to a Groaning.

Love. Truly my Liege,—[*Pescods take that Word*].—*Will*, I mean, there was a fine Assembly of Ladies at the Tavern where we inn'd Yesterday, and a gay Ball it was.

True. Yes really, and a most delightful Evening we spent.—Oh, how blank would the Creation be, were it not for those glorious Stars, the Ladies, that glitter in it!

Love. Ay *Will*! Let the reverend Dotards we have left behind manage the Affairs of *Savoy*, and perplex their dull Noddles with the Cares of a Dukedom, while we, regardless of their Censures, revel in all the Gaities of Nature. Beauty was made to be ador'd.—Sings——

*Whilst young, let us pursue our Game,
Make Youth and Beauty all our Aim,
And drink, and smile, and sing, and play,
And quaff, and laugh the Hours away.*

True. I intend now to give a Loose to Mirth and good Humour; Pleasure, for the future, shall be all my Study.

Love. We are both of a Mind, my dear *Billy*.—But did not you observe that charming Creature, that little Angel, last Night, in the blue Gown, with silver Robings.—She and I agreed to a Tittle. The very Remembrance of her makes my Mouth water. I'll give you the whole Story.—You know, when she becken'd me to follow her, and with a shy, modest, yet engaging Air——

Enter

Enter Snipsnap out of Breath.

Snip. Oh my good Master,—Save me, I beseech you, from the Talons of this Harpy, this Hag, this Night-Mare, or—I shall be torn to pieces.

True. Peace, Sirrah, you always come in to spoil a pleasant Tale.

Snip. Good Sir, defend me, I entreat you, or I shall be scratch'd to death. I shall be utterly undone, Sir.

Love. I'll tell it you at Supper, *Will*; and since this Lubber concerns himself so little about our Business, let us see if *Jacomo* is not more observant, and if not, let us inspect it a little ourselves.

Snip. Oh, Sir, Sir, preserve me from—Here she is—

Low. Not I, fight Dog, fight Bear; you're two well match'd; come *Trueman*, allons.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Hostess.

Hos. Ah! you Villain, have I found you? pay me Sirrah, this Minute, pay me the Shilling, you Dog, that you run a-score.—You have swallow'd three full Pots of Porter, a Hap'orth of Bread and a Hap'orth of Cheese; that's a Shilling, you young Whore's-bud, it is.

Snip. It is false, there was but—

B 2

Hos.

Host. Nay, if you come to your *Buts*; — then I must ——— [*pulls bis Ears.*]

Snip. Oh lud! Oh lud! Oh lud! Help, help, for Heaven's Sake, Murder! Murder! —

Host. You white-liver'd, sniv'ling, dastardly, simp'ring, tallow-fac'd, lousy, nasty, gormondizing, guzzling, cowardly, lascivious, impudent, conceited, knitty, rascally, villainous, troublesome, mischievous, snarling, rake-hell Whipper-snapper: — If you don't pay me, I'll pluck your Eyes out; tear your Nose off, unhinge your Ears, claw off your Skin, and break your Bones, you Dog. I'll have the Heart of you, if you don't pay me. Where's my Money? my Money? you Thief you. [*She pulls; he roars.*]

Snip. Hold, hold, and I'll pay you indeed! — Let's see! I have a Brass Crown Piece, — well thought of, — it's too dusky for her to see well — and here's no Place for her to ring it upon — she shall have it. [*Aside*] I have but one poor Crown which I keep for a Pocket-piece. Would you, in Conscience, Landlady, have that?

Host. Have it? — How cou'd the Dog be unwilling to pay me, and have so much Money? — I must have t'other Lug for that.

Snip. Oh Oh! — Here, give me Change?

Host. I have got four leaden Shillings, — they'll answer the Purpose to a T. [*Aside*] Here Sirrah, — But take Care how you run in my Debt again.

Snip. I'm sure, if ———

Host. (*returning.*) What do you mutter you Rogue, you? [*Going.*]

Snip. No, no, I've done.

A Man might as well run in Debt with the Devil: — Was there ever a Hostess before so uncivil?

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Park.*

Enter Lovelass and Snipnap.

Love. It's a strange Thing, *Snipnap*, that we have walk'd so far, and not met with one pretty Coney, — Ads-bobs, I wonder where they burrow!

Snip. Under Ground, Master; but you may easily ferret them out.

Love. How, you little Rogue, you?

Snip. By Time.

Love. I don't understand you.

Snip. Where's your sagacious Penetration now, Mr. *Lovelass*?

Love. And where are your Ears, Mr. Impudence? [*Boxes him.*]

Snip. Oh pardon me, Sir, and I'll sing you a Catch I made this Morning. I know you love Musick, Sir.

Love. Yes, yes, I do so. Begin then, if I like it, I'll forgive you.

Snip. At a Word, Sir.

S O N G.

*In Women the Joys of Man's Life do consist,
He that loves not a Girl don't deserve to exist;
For in toiling and moiling he spends the whole Day,
And most damnably squanders his Moments away.
Derry down, down, down derry down.*

II.

*Tho' the Bottle and Glass have their Charms, I
must own,
Yet what are those Charms to a Lady alone?*

Sports,

*Sports, Games, and a Revel plead numberless
Charms,*

*But vanish, like Dreams, in a young Lady's Arms.
Derry down, down, down derry down.*

You must remember, Sir, I mean a pretty one.

Love. Go on, Sirrah; — No, stop, I see a dear
pretty Creature going into yonder Church-Porch.

Snip. *There's nought can compare with —*

Love. Hold your Tongue, you Rogue, or I'll
break your Head — Leave me — Be gone —
Fly, Sirrah, fly.

Snip. I go, Sir; — swift as Lead, Sir.

Love. Swift as Lead — a very pretty Compa-
rison, truly!

Snip. What flies more fleet,
When, riding on the violent Speed of Fire,
It strikes the rustling Feathers on the Breast
Of the gay warbling Choirester, and swift
Pierces his Heart? so —

Love. Beshrew your Wit, it goes fast as a Tor-
toise — There's a Bone for you to pick. —
Along, Sirrah; — No more — Get out of my
Sight, or I'll kick you out.

Exit Snipsnap, Lovelass following.

SCENE IV. *A Church-Porch.*

Enter Fanny, going in — Lovelass.

Love. Oh! my sweet Angel, have I found you
at last?

The Object of my Soul's Desires, my Life,
My Love, my Soul, my all — [*clasping her Hand,*
Fan.

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Fan. Sir, you mistake — I am not the Maid you mean, or seek for.

Love. If you're a Maid, you are the Maid I seek. Come to my Arms, my Charmer. — [*embracing her.*]

Newcomb comes in, and bides himself.

New. Death! what do I see?
My lovely *Fanny* in another's Arms.
Perdition seize the Dog!

Fan. Now help me, all my Wit! I need it much —
[*Aside.*]
Come, Sir, don't dally, while my Mistress waits,
But fill her longing Arms — Come follow me.

Love. Oh choice Adventure, most desirable!
This can be no Deceit; and if the Maid
So handsome is, what must the Mistress be?

New. I'll follow at a Distance,
And see the End of this surprizing Scheme.

Fan. Now the first Door that opens, I must tell
him that's the House, and so get rid of him. [*Aside.*]

They come to an Ale-house.

Fan. Here, Sir, if you please to walk in. —

He goes in. — She runs off. — Newcomb comes up to her.

New. Artfully perform'd, egad. — I admire
thy Wit, dear *Fanny*, and am for ever thine. Give
me thy Hand.

Fan. We'll join our Hands hereafter — Haste
away.

The Fool will be upon us — we can't stay. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *An Ale-house.**Enter Lovelais.*

Love. Now for a rapt'rous and transporting Bliss,
ineffable, extatical.

Enter a Boy.

Sirrah, where's your Mistress?

Boy. What may her Name be, Sir?

Love. Tell me where she is this Moment, or I'll
cut your Throat, you Dog.

Boy. I don't know who you mean, Sir.

Love. Villain, do you mock me?

Boy. I'll fetch her, Sir — He wants a Cooler,
I find. *[Aside.*

I'll step and tell her you are here, Sir. *[Exit.*

Love. I suppose, now, some Lady of Fortune
has seen me somewhere, and is fallen in Love with
me. O happy Tom! — Hift, here she is.

Enter a Courtezan with a Boy.

Cour. Oh, Sir, how could you stay so long? —
I'm sorry my Boy should make such a Mistake.

Love. My Dear, I'm satisfy'd. Can't we have
some Wine here, Madam? For Wine's a Friend to
Love.

Cour. Yes, Sir. Boy, bring a Bottle. Come
here. — *[She whispers the Boy.*

Bring that which is well mix'd with Laudanum. —

[Aside.

Boy. Yes, Madam, in the twinkling of an Eye.

[Exit.

Love. Pray, Madam, what do you think of the
new Comedy?

Cour.

Cour. Why really, Sir, it wou'd be a pretty Piece, only the first, and part of the second Act is pass'd, before you discern any thing of the Plot. [*Boy returns with a Flask and a Glass.*] Come, Sir, drink.

Love. Most willingly, Madam; and I esteem myself the happiest Creature breathing, to be able to drink with a Lady possess'd of such Perfections as you are Mistress of.

Cour. Oh, Sir, I think you wrong me.

Boy. That's right:—She drinks nothing but Gin. [*Aside.*]

Love. Then here's Success to our Loves.—I'm confounded drousy. [*Aside.*] Will you favour me with a Song, Madam? You have a charming Voice, and I presume, a great deal of Skill. [*Yawns.*]

Cour. I sing but wretchedly, Sir; however, if 'twould please you——

Love. Please me, Madam; it would delight my very Soul, ravish my Heart, give me unspeakable Joy, and—— [*Yawns.*]

Cour. Sir, to oblige you, I'll do my best Endeavours.—*While she sings, he drinks.*

None know the Joys of fervent Love!

But they that prove the same:

No other Bliss their Minds will move,

Who burn with mutual Flame.

Love. Charming! Oh sweet Melody!—delicious Wine!

They Hand in Hand share all the Joys

That can by Love be giv'n:

A Pleasure taste that never cloy:—

What more can be in Heav'n? [*He falls.*]

C

Cour.

Cour. He sleeps. Now then, Boy, call *William, George, Tom, and John.*

Enter four Fellows.

Cour. Here take him, bear him out, strip him, carry him to Church, and lay him upon one of the Tomb-stones. [Curtain falls.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Trueman, Giacomo, and Snipsnap.

Snip. Oh my poor Master, what can be become of him? I shall run stark staring mad. Oh my Master, my Master!

True. It's strange he should not let me know where he is — Not to come home last Night, nor to Day neither. Well! it is one of his Frolicks; but he is too venturesome. I wish he don't rue it some Time or other.

Ja. Dear Sir, A Man of Gallantry and Pleasure is detain'd sometimes a Week or two, as it were, in Oblivion, Sir. For my own Part, I had like to have been sent to a Goal last Night; I happen'd to stay with Mr. *Wasp's* Maid something of the longest, and the suspicious old Put saw me going out; and thinking it was a Thief, discharg'd his Blunderbuss at me, which happily struck him down backwards, drove sixteen Slugs into the Wall, alarm'd the Neighbourhood, some of whom catch'd me running, and poor Peelgarlick must have gone to pot, had not I suddenly put on a grave Countenance seem'd

seem'd wholly ignorant of the Matter, and walk'd off with the Air of a Philosopher.

True. A narrow escape truly, *Jacomo!*

Enter Lovelass.

Oh here comes the stray Sheep. Dear *Tom*, I was terribly frightened for you.

Love. Ha! *Will*, I had an odd Adventure last Night—Seeing a pretty Lass go into Church, I haul'd to, and boarded her; she, pretending to be a Maid, purposely to avoid my Caresses, led me to an Alehouse, where I enter'd, and was drawn in by a curst Jade, to drink Wine with Laudanum in't. No sooner was I fast asleep, but I was whipp'd and stripped, carried to the Church-yard, and laid almost naked on one of the Tombstones. A Constable wak'd me, and finding what a pickle I was in, wou'd have carried me to Prison, (for I had no Money, though I had Mob enough at my Heels, hollowing and hooting, and flinging Dirt at me) if I had not spy'd *Fanny*, the Girl I first saw in the Church; who requesting them to stop, unriddled the whole Mystery, and shew'd the Constable the Alehouse, where I got my Watch, Rings, Cloaths, and some of my Money again. The Jade was fled, but the Landlord of the House, thanks to my good Stars! was conducted to the very place, that I was beating my March to.

True. Upon my Word the merriest Accident I ever heard of in my Life:—But are you not discouraged by this?

Love. Not in the least.—I'll level all my Paterraro's against the next pretty Girl I meet.

True. Well

True. Well! thou art a gamesome Fellow, a queer Creature:—But who is this *Fanny* pray?

Love. She is a young Lady of small Fortune, courted by one *Newcomb*, a very rich, young Gentleman, who has offer'd to marry her, but his Friends being much against it, contriv'd Ways and Means to send him over to *Dublin*, from whence he has found an Opportunity to steal away privately, and was to meet her at that Church, where he propos'd to marry her to-morrow; but some little Accidents intervening, he will scarcely be able to compass his Design, this Week or two.

True. I'm glad this Cloud's so well blown over. Let us for the Future be more cautious in our Amours.

Love. Still will I love, tho' Lions bar the Way,
Ja. Nor will I shrink at a Girl's single Nay.

Snip. I'll scheme it all Night, and I'll drink
all the Day.

True. 'Tis Time for our Supper;—no longer
let's Stay,

Snip. Blessed News! Away, my dear Boy,
let's away. *[Exeunt Singing.]*

SCENE VII.

Enter Giacomo and Snipsnap.

Snip. *Giacomo*, you know I have done you many a good Office; but not to mention past Services, will you be willing to help me in a Project I have upon the Carpet?

Jac. My dear *Snipsnap*, I'll do any Thing in the

the World to serve you; I'll eat for you, drink for you, whore for you, fight for you, bleed for you, die for you; nay more, I'll be damn'd for you, if you require it.

Snip. Fye *Jacomo*! don't you believe Damnation?

Jac. Believe it, ha, ha, he! Not I truly! Why are you such a Fool as to think that all the idle Stories that are told us of Hell and the Devil Hobgoblins, Fairies, Apparitions and Angels, are Matters of Fact, *Snip*? No, no, *Snip*, they are all Tales invented by our Priests.

Snip. Well! why then surely, if you believe no such Things, you are afraid of Nothing *Jacomo*, I——must try his Valour before I trust him. [*Aside.*

Jac. Afraid, quotha! No, no, *Snip*. I wish for nothing more than to see the Devil.—Oh, how I'd hawl him by his long Nose!

Snip. I wish the Dog mayn't prove a Coward at last. [*Aside.*

Well! then I tell you, I have a Design, Man, to run away with Miss *Wasp*, and thereby make myself Master of ten thousand Pounds, which she has independent of the old Fellow her Father.

Jac. And so have I.—Egad! I'll put a Spoke in his Wheel I'll warrant him. [*Aside.*

Snip. Now if you will but aid and assist me, and do as I order you, I'll not be ungrateful *Jacomo*.

Jac. For the Love I bear thee, *Snipsnap*, with this Whiniard, I'd saw the old Rascal's Weazel a-funder; and mow my Way thro' a Crowd of Poltroons to bring back *Wasp* to your Arms, my Buff.

Snip. Enough, I do believe you'll serve me,
but

but we'll talk more about it hereafter; at present we must go serve our Masters. Mine is a perfect Devil; he courts every Girl he sees, and has a whole Seraglio of Whores. He pretends he's in love with a Lady at first Sight; tells her he'll marry her, wheedles, fawns, flatters, and loves, till he has got his Will of her, and then to another, and so on. If he stays in London much longer there must be another Subscription soon set a foot for a new Foundling Hospital. Egad he's a Tartar.

Ja. My Master's a Chip of the same Block, only he's a little more wary and private in his Amours, being naturally of a more reserv'd Temper.

Snip. Well! let's imitate 'em in our Plots and Intrigues,

And be merry while we can.

Ja. — *As the Master, so's the Man,*

Snip. — *At a Maid, or Harridan.*

[Exeunt Singing.]

The End of the first Act.

ACT II.



ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Park.*

Enter a Lady masqu'd, Lovelass following her.

Lovelass,



TOP, my dear Angel, and attend my Vows ;

None truer paid to the most awful Shrine.—

I sigh and languish for thy dear Embrace.

Why wilt thou punish one with so much Rigour,
Who lives and loves, and only lives for thee?

Lady. Forbear, fond Youth, thou know'st not
who I am.

My Face once seen, you'd quickly cease your
Plaint.

Love. Never, oh never!—Such a charming
Shape,

An Air so graceful, such proportion'd Limbs,
Such Hands, such Arms, and such a snow-white
Neck,

Must be possess'd by a bewitching Face.

Lady. Once more, I tell you, Sir, you wide-
ly err.

And for Truth's sake, beseech you to desist.

Love. Dear

Love. Dear Lady, let me but behold those Eyes;

And if I print not on those ruby Lips,
The warmest Tokens of a burning Love—
Use all your Wit, and laugh your Slave to scorn.

Lady. And you desire I should unmask?

Love. I do, Madam.

Lady. I will, [Shewing a rueful Pbiz.

Love. Oh Heavens! My Life must pay the
Fury,

Or my Heels must help me. [Runs off, she after him.

SCENE II. The Park.

Enter Trueman and Lovelass.

True. Heigh! Tom; what, out of Breath?
Why where hast thou been, prithee?

Love. Been quotha!—With the Devil, or the
Devil's Mate.--I made love to her, you must know,
whilst she was mask'd;—But Egad! When the
Scene drew, Tom, 'twas all over with me.—
Such a hideous Face was never seen in the infer-
nal Regions.

Sapphira and Melissa pass by.

— Did you see that Angel, Billy?

True. Oh the divine Creature! I'll enjoy her,
tho' it cost me my Dukedom.

Love. No, my Leige, I shall dispute my Title
with you there. We are in England, not Savoy
now, you know.

True. Then

True. Then draw, Sir. [Draws.

Love. That I will. [They parry.

— What a Brace of empty-headed Coxcombs are we, to go to Daggers-drawing for we know not what.—Prithee let's find out who they are first, and whip one another through the Lungs afterwards. I'll pursue 'em. [Runs off.

SCENE III. The Park.

Enter Sapphira and Melissa.

Mel. Did you observe how earnestly they gazed at us?

Sap. Yes, yes, they look'd as if they were thunder-struck; as motionless and stiff as Statues. For my Part, I can't conceive what you cou'd see in that *Levelass*, to be enamour'd so at the first Sight of him. Do you know, Child, there is not such another Rake to be met with throughout the whole Hundreds of *Drury*.

Mel. What then, *Sapphira*?—He'll see his Folly in a little Time: And when his wild Oats are all sown, Child, he'll take up, and make the better Husband, tho' I would not wed him at present, 'tis true, were he possess'd of both the *Indies*, yet, I have a strange Notion, my Dear, that I could tame him, if I had the Management of him.

Sap. Alas! I doubt it much:—Besides he'll never marry take my Word for it. I believe *True-man*'s wild enough; but he shall be as sober as a Judge before I'll have him. What a strange
D Thing

Thing 'tis, *Melissa*, that Love shou'd take such
fast hold on us Both in a Moment.

Mel. Oh *Cupid*, merry God, arch Boy, fly
Rogue,
Who tak'st Delight in knavish, wanton Pranks,
Why did'st thou strike my Friend and me so
Home,

Who never did defy thy Power?—Pray *Sapphi-
ra*, favour me with your Song about the Rose-
Bush.

Sap. Tho' I an't in Tune, *Melissa*, yet to
oblige you, my Dear, I will.

Mel. Thank'ye, my Dear.

Sapphira sings.

I.
ONE moonshiny-Night,
When the Stars twinkled bright,
You might see o'er the Lawns at one View;
Young Cupid sat bush
Behind a Rose-Bush,
As if he had nothing to do.

II.
'Twas Pity, I swear,
Poor Sylvia was there,
Who so often had baffled his Pow'r;
She to Chloe apply'd,
Who walk'd by her Side,—
And both thought themselves mighty secure.

III.
Blind Cupid, said she,
How silly is he!
And how lavish he's grown of his Darts!

At random he wounds
The meanest of Clowns,
But despairs of our generous Hearts.

IV.

There's Damon and Thee,
There's Alexis and Me,
What a Game we have made of his Skill?—
Tho' he and his Mother
Make ne'er such a Potber,
We'll None of us yield to their Will.

V.

Let's gather a Rose,
Now 'tis fresh with the Dews,
Not Venus herself is more sweet.
Were the Blind Puppy here,
We have nothing to fear—
I'd give him his own, did we meet.

VI.

Say you so, pretty Maid,
The young Urchin said,
These Arrows are sharp, I suppose.
He aim'd at each Heart;
They shriek'd at the Smart,
But thought it a Thorn from the Rose.

VII.

Soon came the two Swains,
Tripping over the Plains,
And snatch'd a sweet Rose, as they past:
The little blind Brat,
Shot, and hit 'em full Pat,
So he conquer'd 'em all at the last.

VIII. Cupid

VIII.

Cupid cry'd out *Mamma!*

With a ba, ba, ba!—

Why what hast thou done, my dear Lovey?—

I've met with the Crew,

That despis'd Me and You,

And I feck! I have caught the whole Covey.

[Scene closes.]

SCENE IV. *Don Diego's House.*

Enter Don Diego, leading in Fatima to his Wife.

Die. My dear *Lovey*, I have brought thee here a Slave, beauteous and gentle. I must leave thee, Love, though it breaks my Heart. Business of Importance calls me to sea. I shan't see Spain again this Month at least. Farewel.—By Lovee.—By, by, my Dearee! [Kisses her.]

She weeps and sits silent.

I see the Excels of thy Grief; Child, thy Eyes are brim full of Tears. I wou'd not have thee speak, Dearee.—Once more Adieu,—be sure take care of your Mistress, *Fatima*.—By, by, my Dearee. [Exit.]

Lor. And is he gone, then?

Fatima fall downs on her Knees.

Fat. Dear Madam, do but hear the doleful Tale

Tale I have to tell, and when I have done, then judge, if Slavery be my Due.

Lor. Let me hear your Story, *Fatima*; rise, and let me know how you fell into the Hands of my Husband. May be it may divert me, I am a little Melancholly dispos'd for the Absence of *Don Pedro*. [Aside.

Fat. Much honoured Mistress. I am the Daughter of an *Indian Brabman*, or Priest. I have been for some Time initiated in my Father's Mysteries, and have been brought up in the profound Study of Divination.

Lor. Then you can tell Fortunes, I presume?

Fat. Yes Madam,—But to give you my History,—You must know, the *Spaniards* are at this Time attempting to make themselves Masters of *Peru*. One Night they penetrated into the Town of *Chincouvie*, which was the Place where my Father resided. Almost all the Inhabitants perish'd, either by Fire or the Sword. Our House was storm'd by a *Spanish* Captain, with some of his Train, and a few *Indian* Slaves. I immediately ran to the Captain, and clasping his Knees, besought him to spare my Father's Life. At the same Time, an *Indian*, of another Nation, cry'd out, that's the *Brabman*, and cast his Javelin at my Father, which wounded him very dangerously in the Breast. *Alphonso*, (for that was the *Spanish* Captain's Name) drew a Pistol, and shot him dead upon the Spot, declaring he'd serve every Man of them so, that did not strictly execute his Commands, or went beyond 'em. In short, he gave my Father and Me our Lives, dismiss'd his Men, and protested to me with a Sort of sullen Sweetness, that I was the first Female that ever made the least Impression on his Heart.

Lor. You

Lor. You don't mean Don *Alphonso de Quavada*, surely?

Fat. The very same, Madam, born at *Valcabro*.

Lor. I know he's gone against the *Peruvians*, on account of a young Gentleman, whom he fought with and killed, for debauching his Sister: He is reckon'd a young Man of the greatest Intrepidity and Valour in all *Spain*.

Fat. And such he shew'd himself to be, Madam; for he had not been above two Hours at our House, when four Thousand *Peruvians*, hearing that the *Spaniards* had enter'd our Town, rush'd down from the Mountains, fell upon their Enemies who were revelling, and cut 'em entirely off. They burst open every House to look for a *Spaniard*, and wherever they found one, murder'd him. At length they came to ours, where *Alphonso* stood at the Door, and resisted Hundreds with his single Arm, 'till my Father call'd to 'em out of Window. On hearing their *Brabman* they desisted. He staid with us 'till Night, and then I went with him myself to the River's Side, and put him on board a Canoe, charging him never to come and fight against me any more, on pain of being sacrific'd.

Lor. Pray, what is that Custom of being sacrific'd among the *Pagans*?

Fa. We make a great Fire, Madam, and a Multitude stand round it, while the *Brabman* takes one, (who is a Captive, being made Prisoner by Battle, and stands bound before the Fire) and cuts a Piece out of the most fleshy Part of him, which he gives to one of the Standers-by, who eats it; then another, and so on 'till he has cut him all to Pieces. If the poor Creature neither winces nor cries, we sacrifice his Bones, and make Prayers to 'em.

'em.—I told *Alphonso*, if ever he came to our Country again, it would so enrage me, I'd willingly eat the first Bit of him. He parted with me without an Answer, but in the most tender and moving Manner.—I fear, Madam, I begin to grow tiresome.

Lor. Not in the least, *Fatima*.—I shall be impatient 'till I hear your Story out.—Pray proceed.

Fat. Not to be tedious, Madam, the next Day the *Spaniards* landed above ten thousand Soldiers on our Side the River, several Miles beyond the Place where they encamp'd, and where we least expected 'em. They march'd forwards with all the Expedition imaginable. We had only twelve thousand Men ready; but they were veteran and hardy Soldiers that's the Truth on't. Both Armies at length join'd, and a most obstinate bloody Battle there was. Victory swung round her golden Chaplet, nor knew for a long Time on which Side to drop it. At last Fortune inclin'd to ours; scarce any of the *Spaniards* escap'd with their Lives, eight Captains only excepted, amongst whom was *Alphonso*, who after much struggling was taken Prisoner by three hundred *Indians*. These Eight were brought in Triumph to my Father, in order to cast Lots, that four of them might be sacrific'd the next Day. I will not trouble you, by striving to paint my own Thoughts and Passions on this tragical Adventure; let it suffice, that To-morrow came, and I went to prepare *Alphonso* for his Fate; when all he desir'd, was, that he might die first, and not see his Countrymen suffer such cruel Treatment. The dreadful Moment came, and I, according to Custom, cast Lots, while my Father stood by the Fire with his drawn Instrument of Death.

Lor.

Lor. Oh, *Fatima*, how you make my Heart ache!

Fat. The first Lot I cast, fell on one of the Strangers, but the second on *Alphonso*, which I perceiving, shuffled, and threw it on another Stranger. But my Father, perceiving my Artifice, insisted on throwing the other two himself—He did so—the third Lot fell upon *Alphonso*, and the fourth on another Stranger. —*Alphonso*, says my Father, you have sav'd my Life, and so did I your's, so that we are not indebted to you, and the Rites of our Country demand your Life; which if they did not, I shou'd, because it is told me, you were the Person who slew my valiant Son and Nephew in Yesterday's Battle. Then he sacrific'd one *Spanish* Captain, whose Yells and Cries I, perceiv'd, pierc'd *Alphonso's* Heart. The second did not make such loud Exclamations; and having cut him up, *Alphonso* alas! was brought to the Stake at last. [Weeps.

Lor. You are mov'd, *Fatima*—I beseech you, go on.

Fat. Oh, Madam, excuse my Tears, the Agonies I felt in that Moment were inexpressible; can you suppose to yourself a faint Shadow of my Grief?

Lor. Yes, yes, I doubt not but Despair and all its fearful Horrors rack'd your inmost Soul.

Fat. My Father lifted up his Knife, reeking with Blood, and just as it enter'd the fleshy Part of *Alphonso's* Arm (on seeing the Blood gush out) I swoon'd away. My Father ran and catch'd me in his Arms, and with clasping me close to his Bosom, misplac'd the Plaister from the Wound, that the Renegado *Indian* had given him, which beginning to bleed afresh, he cou'd not proceed in

In the Ceremony: This was look'd on as an ill Omen, and the Sacrifice was postpon'd to the next Day.

Lor. This was some Respite indeed, 'tis true; but yet I fear,—tho' you have giv'n me ample Proof of your Address in this Affair.

Fat. The Prisoners were remanded back. I, knowing I had no Time to lose, took a Dagger, dally'd with the Keepers, brought them into a Hall, and pretending to shew 'em some Wonders, flew to *Alphonso*, and cut his Bands asunder; he did the like by his Comrades, who were scarce loose before the Ward return'd; with great Courage and Bravery they fought; at length like to be overpower'd with Numbers, he grasp'd me in his Arms with one Hand, and holding his Sword in t'other, ran with all his Might to the River's-Side; where, finding an empty Canoe, we put off, but cou'd not reach the opposite Shore, being hurry'd down the Stream into the main Ocean. We saw a little Boat, where were about half a Score Men, who told us the Ship that was in Sight was a Pirate, which they believ'd we might reach, and take with our Canoe; we took 'em in, row'd towards the Ship, and boarded her. After we had kill'd the Watch, we made ourselves Master of the Vessel, and were bound for Spain; during which Time *Don Diego* took us, and hang'd two of our Men; what became of *Alphonso* I know not, but as for me, he brought me home with him to you, Madam.

Lor. Well, I am satisfy'd, and do assure you, you shall not be long without your Liberty.

Fat. Gentle Mistress, permit my Tears to express that Thankfulness, which the Height of Gratitude cannot find Words to utter. I have

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but

but one Thing more to say, before I conclude my tiresome Narration, which is this, that *Alphonso*, the little Time I was with him, us'd such powerful Arguments to perswade me of the Folly of Paganism, that I am fully assur'd the Christian, and the Christian only, is the true Religion.

Lor. I'll talk to you more another Time, *Fatima*; your long, but surprizing Tale has diverted me from some extraordinary Business, therefore go directly, and bid *Staphyla* fetch *Don Pedro*.

[Scene closes.]

SCENE V. *Old Wasp's Parlour.*

Discovers Old Wasp talking with Giacomo, who is dress'd in a Suit of his Master's Cloaths, with a Tye-wig and a Sword, &c.

Jaco. Yes, my good Friend, I'll take your Daughter with Five-thousand Pounds; the other half of her Fortune I'll give you, and settle Eight Hundred a Year on her for Life.

Snipsnap behind.

Snip. Where the Devil will he get it?

Old W. Oh, dear Sir, you are too kind. Heav'n reward you, Sir.

Jaco. Prithce old Gentleman, what's that you talk of, why there's no such Place, Man, nor Hell neither.

Snip. I'll make you believe both presently.

Old W. What! Sir, are there no such Things as Spirits?

Jaco.

The GENERAL LOVER.

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Jaco. Pshaw! Man, none at all; I never knew any one that cou'd tell me they saw a Ghost.

Snip. I'll be curst if the Fellow is not an arrant Poltroon; as well as a treacherous Villain.

Old W. Good Sir, don't talk thus I beseech you; you make my Blood run cold within me.

Jaco. No Wonder it should run cold through such old rotten Pipes; but Mine dances along briskly like a rapid Current. What Fools are they who think there are any such Things as Apparitions!

Snip. Thank Heav'n I did not trust him!

Old W. I wish One don't appear presently. *[Shuddering thro' Fear.]*

Jaco. I wish for nothing more, Sir.

Snipnap drest like a Ghost; stalks over the Stage.

Old W. Bless us! What's that?

Jaco. That! What, old Man? What did you see?— I saw nothing not I.

Old W. Oh Lud, O Lud! The Ghost stalks back again.

Jaco. Was that a Ghost? Nay then, ifaith! 'tis a cowardly poltroon of a Ghost. It dares not stay, Sir; you see.

The Ghost comes in again; and shakes his Truncheon at Jacomo.

Old W. Our Father; which — *[Ghost vanishes.]* I'll stay no longer with you, Sir. Good by to you; and to you too, Mr. Ghost, — I'll stagger off as I well as can, while I'm well.

[is going out; but starts back.]

Jaco.

Jaco. Ha, ha, he! the old Gentleman's frighten'd.—What now?

[*The Ghost rises at Jacomo's Feet.*

Old W. Why 'twas here this Moment. I'll not stir an Inch. [*Falls down, and roars.*

Jaco. Pardon me, good Spirit, and I'll say my Prayers for the future.—Who art thou?

Snip. One risen from the Regions of the dreary Grave, to warn you of the dreadful Doom that hangs o'er your devoted Head.

[*Shakes his Truncheon, and frowns.*

Jaco. Oh, oh, oh! Have Mercy on me! Oh, oh! I'm frighten'd to Death, oh, oh! good Ghost, spare me, oh, oh, oh! oh Lud! oh, oh, oh! Alas! poor *Jacomo*, thou art a dead Man! Oh, oh! I pray, oh! (*Snipsnap brandishes his Truncheon at him;—he falls backwards in his Chair, and bellows hideously.*)

Snip. Peace Fool! and hear what I have to say to thee. Blaspheme again at thy Peril; never deny the Existence of Spirits any more, lest I bear thee off to Hell in a Flash of Fire. Grow sober, honest, and valiant; love your Master, and do your Duty.

Jaco. I will, I will indeed, Oh, I will. Oh, oh, I will, oh!

Snip. Ay, and never set your Foot within these Doors, on Peril of Damnation.

Jaco. Never, Oh, never! Oh, oh!

Snip. Then rise.

[*He gets up, and runs round the Stage in Confusion, Snipsnap stalks after him, and beats him with his Truncheon.* [Exit *Jacomo*.

Snip. Now for the old Fellow.—Rise old *Wasp*, I charge thee, rise, and answer me directly to the Interrogatories I shall now propound to you.

Old W.

Old W. Rise, in the Devil's Name.—Oh, oh! Well, good Mr. Ghost, I will rise.—And, Oh, oh! I'll answer any Questions your Ghostship shall please to ask me. *[gets up.]*

Snip. Do you intend to lead a sober Life for the future; to behave yourself peaceably to all your Neighbours, and lovingly to your Family?

Old W. Yes, yes, indeed and indeed, Mr. Ghost, I do.

Snip. Do you promise, that your Daughter shall never marry that blasphemous Wretch, *Jacomo*; but join her Hands with one *Snipsnap*? Do you agree to that?

Old W. Yes, yes, I do, I do.

Snip. Then behave yourself as becomes you. Don't forget your Engagements with me, lest you hear from me again in severer Terms, and so farewell. *[The Ghost vanishes.]*

Old W. I am glad he's gone, and hope I shall never see a Ghost again.—However, I'll punctually obey his Orders.—I'll marry forthwith, and grow pious, that I am resolv'd on; and this Mr. *Snipsnap*, whoever he be, shall have my Daughter, that's pozzy rozzy. Well! *Beck*, why *Ho!* *Beck!* Who's within? *Becky, Becky.* Why *Beck!* My *Becky*, my Dear, *Becky!*

Exit.

The End of the second Act.

A C T



A C T III.

SCENE I. *Don Diego's House.*

Enter Donna-Lorenza, and Fatima.

Lorenza.



It is surprizing to me that Don *Pedro* does not come: Can you tell me when he will, *Fatima*?

Fat. Yes, Madam. I've bought a Drum, wherewith I just now try'd the Experiment, to know where Don *Alphonso* is, and I find that he's in *England*, where, as soon as you, most gracious Mistress, shall vouchsafe to give me my Liberty, I propose to go.

Lor. Prithee, *Fatima*, when will my Husband come home? [Laughing:]

Fat. I'll resolve you presently, Madam.—

[fetches a Drum, beats a little, then falls down, shakes her Head, and scrabbles.]

Fat. (rising.) He'll be at home before Twelve o'Clock, Madam.

Lor. Why it's past Eleven now.—I want Faith, *Fatima*. — [Somebody knocks.] — Hark! There's *Pedro*, run to him immediately.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Discovers Lorenza and Pedro at a Table, cover'd with all Sorts of Provisions, Punch, Wine, &c.

Lor. Oh, my Pedro! I have waited for you a grievous while.

Ped. Well, my Charmer, we'll satiate ourselves with Love.

Lor. But an Indian Slave I have in the House, who pretends to the Art of Divination, tells me Don Diego will be at home before Twelve.

Ped. We shall soon see the Folly of such idle Tales.—It don't want five Minutes of it now.

Lor. I believe it as little as you, but—*[knocking]*

—Oh Heav'ns! my Husband's Knock! What shall we do?

Ped. Is there no Place you can hide me in?

Enter Fatima.

Fat. Madam, there's that Chest ready—Empty a few of the Biskets out, and clap up Don Pedro in a Minute.

[They throw some Biskets out under the Bed; Don Pedro leaps into the Chest, they shut it down.]

Fat. Now Madam we're safe.

Lor. I fear that much.

Enter Don Diego.

Lor. Oh, my dear Husband! how rejoyc'd am I to see my Deary again! My Soul can't express the Pleasure.—*Die.*

Die. Lovely *Lorenza*, the Pleasure's mutual—
But—who's all this Provision intended for, Deary?

Lor. I knew you were coming home, my Love, and so prepar'd it for my dearest Deary's Entertainment.

Die. You know of my coming home! Why I didn't know it myself Child, an Hour ago: The Cause of it was a brisk Gale of Wind that blew full in our Teeth, and drove us back again whether we would or not.

Lor. Oh, Deary, your Slave, *Fatima*, told me so; she is an *Indian* Conjuror's Daughter, you know, and can tell you any Thing. Now I, being very anxious for your Return, ask'd her if she cou'd tell me when you'd come home; she said, yes, that she could; I no sooner knew it, but I prepar'd this Supper, that we might enjoy ourselves after your Fatigue.

Die. Well, Deary, thou art wondrous kind.—I shall never be able to make thee amends, Deary.—Come, give me a Buss, Deary. [*kisses her.*]—*Staphyla*, are the two Sailors come yet?

Voice within. Yes, Sir.

Die. Bid 'em come up then.

Enter two Sailors.

Die. Here, my Boys, carry that Chest between you to the Ship: And take care how you carry it; for 'tis full of brittle Ware, and very heavy.

Lor. *Fatima*!

Fat. Permit me to speak one Word with you, good Sir. About an Hour ago, when I rais'd the Spirit to tell me where you was, I shut him up in that Chest, and have not yet releas'd him.

Sail.

1 *Sail.* No matter for that, — we'll carry the Devil aboard for once, won't us Brother.

2 *Sail.* Ay my Boy, that we will. Were all the Devils in Hell in't, to Sea they should go.

(*They raise it up between 'em; one of them stumbles, the Chest falls, and flies open; Don Pedro leaps upon the Fellow's Belly, and runs off.*)

[*The Sailor roars.*]

Die. I protest, I am not us'd to be frighten'd, — but —

Lor. Come, my Deary, since he's gone, let's to Supper, and talk more of this odd Adventure of *Fatima's* over a chearful Cup.

Lor. Here's a few Ducats for you, you're free.

[*Aside to Fatima.*]

Fat. Now will I seek my lov'd *Alphonso* out.

[*Scene closes.*]

SCENE III. *The Country.*

Enter Trueman and Lovelass, in Shepherds Habits.

True. Oh my lov'd cruel Fair-one, 'tis for thee,

I leave the Pleasures of the gaudy Town,
And wrap my Soul in solitary Thoughts.
Oh how I love! Sure none e'er lov'd like me;
Or felt the Force of Beauty's conqu'ring Charms,
In the dread Manner that my Heart has done.

Love. Yes, I have felt, and know what 'tis to love;

Join Hands with thee in fate, and hug my Chains.
Oh! help to sooth my agonizing Pains,
And all the Tortures that invade my Breast.

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True.

True. Ah! I need Comfort too as much as thou dost.

Let's strive to raise our drooping Spirits up:—
Sing and be chearful; *Lovelass*, oblige me with that pastoral Song you made in the Alcove last Night.

Love. I will. [Sighs.

*Thus the despairing Damon sung,
Under a Willow's mournful Shade,
While Winds and Waves in consort rung,
And sigh'd, and whisper'd thro' the Glade.*

*While pensive on the lonely Plain,
Far from the Sight of her I love;
To the clear Stream I tell my Pain,
And sigh my Passion to the Grove.*

*Eccho, sweet Goddess of the Wood,
From all thy Cells resound my Care,
And Thames along thy Silver Flood,
Convey my Murmurs to the Fair.*

*Tell her, Oh tell the charming Maid,
In vain the feather'd Warblers sing;
In vain the Trees extend their Shade,
Or blooming Flora paints the Spring.*

*While absent from her dearer Arms,
Not all those Beauties can invite;
But did she bless her Damon's Arms,
E'en barren Desarts wou'd delight.*

*Enter a young Shepherd and Shepherdess, with a
Train of inferior Nymphs and Swains.*

Shep. Fair *Araminta*, let us not delay
The Rites of Love; my Dearest, come away;
Left

Left still some intervening Chance shou'd rise,
And rob me of my matchless, glorious Prize;
The Prize of all my Toil, my Labour's Fruit,
Who now at last hath listned to my Suit.

Ara. I'll not disguise my Love, my only Dear;
For on thy Bosom I have nought to fear:
But tho' with wide-stretch'd Mouth and beck'ning
Hands,

And blazing Torches, genial *Hymen* stands;
Yet let us for one single Minute stay;
Our Friends must dance, and then we will away.
[*A rural Dance.*] [Exeunt.

Lovelass and Trueman, come forward.

Love. Methinks, *Will*, this is an Indication to
us, what we shou'd do; let us e'en beat the
Hoof to *London* again, and seek our Fortunes
once more. I have a Scheme in my Head, I
hope will be of Service to us: Besides, I am
downright sick of this Country Life.

True. But for my Part, I shall never be sick of
it; it indulges my Melancholy, and, — but
you're in the right I believe, for all that; we had
better try what we can do; therefore To-morrow
we'll set out for *London*, —

Where we will boldly court the flying Fair;

For Lover's that are bold, are Fortune's Care.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Melissa and Fatima.

Fat. Now Madam, I hope you find Reason to
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discard *Alphonso* from your Service; especially since *Lovelass* is so deeply in love with you.

Mel. To be ingenuous, *Fatima*, I never had much Inclination to *Alphonso*, and did not your own Love blind you, you might easily perceive how much my Heart is prepossess'd with the Love of *Lovelass*. But alas! he is so wild!—Do you think I shall ever be able to reclaim him?

Fat. Yes, Madam, I not only think so, but am sure of it; for let me tell you, his Love for you is so great, you may make him do any thing in the World. He and his Friend will be in Town To-morrow, and I doubt not but my Fame will tempt 'em to come to me to hear their Fortunes; and then you shall be with me.

Mel. That will be a good Scheme, *Fatima*;—but let us both be veil'd.

Fat. 'Twill be sufficient if you are.—But I must let you into a Secret of Importance in regard to *Lovelass*.—Will you keep it close?

Mel. Inviolably; and it shall remain as conceal'd in my Breast, as in the Center of the Earth.

Fat. Then, Madam, know, that this *Tom Lovelass*, your Lover, is no less a Person than the young Lord *Ferdinand*, who is a sworn Friend to *Will Trueman*—the Duke of *Savoy* in Disguise.

Mel. Nay then, 'tis in vain, *Fatima*, for me ever to think of him for a Husband.—Despair must be my Portion. [Sings.]

*From all the Joys that are on Earth,
From converse, Friendship, Peace and Mirth,
To some dark gloomy Cave I'll fly,
And gladly lay me down and dye.*

Fat.

Fat. If you will but follow my Advice, Madam, I doubt not to make you a happy Lady in the Enjoyment of a sober Lord.

Mel. Were that possible, *Fatima*, I should think myself infinitely oblig'd to you. Let us in therefore, and consult about Ways and Means to accomplish the End propos'd. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Old Wasp's House.*

Enter Old Wasp, and his Daughter.

Old W. Come here, *Becky*, I have something of Importance to communicate to you. But first let me ask you whether or no you think yourself old enough to marry?

Beck. Laud Papa! why, I am seventeen Years, you know, and four Months old, and I have seen somewhere in 'Squire *Bickerstaff's* Writings, that Questions are best answer'd by Questions, pray then don't you think it's high time for me to think of a Husband?

Old W. Why! I didn't know whether you thought so or not, my Girl; but, for my Part, I think thou art old enough in Conscience.

Beck. And so have I thought this three or four Years last past. [Aside.]

Old W. Now there is a Gentleman whom I intend you shall have soon; I desire therefore, Daughter, that you'll prepare yourself.

Beck. Oh pray, Papa—

Old W. I'll have no Disputings; I say, you shall have him, as you value the Salvation of your old Father.

Beck.

Beck. Nay, but Sir, if I may —

Old W. Once more, I tell you, Mr. *Snipsnap*, and Mr. *Snipsnap* only, shall be your Husband.

Beck. I am all Obedience, Sir.

Old W. There's my good Girl; now I'll shew you how I love you; it was but Yesterday a Gentleman offer'd me to take you with half your Fortune, and give me the rest, but I refus'd it for your Good.

Beck. Mysterious!

Enter a Maid-Servant.

Old W. Well, my little Pignies, what have you got to say to us?

Maid. I've only brought you a Letter, Sir.

Old W. Let me see it. (*Opens it and reads*)—Impos'd upon, — Ghost — *Snipsnap* himself — a Foot-boy, — excuse my Folly. — *Jacomo*. Nay, I thought there was something odd indeed. — Confusion! [*Exit hastily.*]

Beck. What's the Matter with my Father *Jenny*? Do you know the Contents of that Letter? Didn't he name *Snipsnap*? Is he not confus'd? Don't he seem angry? Do you think he's displeas'd with me? Or shall I be disappointed in my Love, after so fair an Offer? What shall I do?

Maid. Had I as many Tongues as *Argus* had Eyes, I cou'd not answer all your Queries in a Breath; but after you've read this, I'll resolve 'em all. [*Giving her a Letter.*]

Beck. Oh the dear Creature! — (*kissing it*) — let's see, (*reads*) Angel — thou Charmer of my Soul, — eternal Constancy, — Flames — a thousand Daggers, — Cupid's Darts, — divine — Love — Sighs

—Sighs — almost despairing, *Snip/nap*. No, no, you need not despair; for were I the only Female in the World, and had a Million of Suitors, in spite of all the Designs of my Papa, none shou'd enjoy me but my dear *Snip/nap*. Come, *Jenny*, let's go in and talk over these Things and settle our Plots.

Maid. I'll follow you Madam, — Daughter.

[*Aside*.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI. *London*.

Enter Sapphira and Melissa.

Mel. Upon my Word it was a noble Exploit of our Lovers, and had not Fortune cast 'em in our Way, we had most certainly been destroy'd by the eight remaining Fellows.

Sap. A Parcel of cowardly Rogues! for fourteen of 'em to set upon *Alphonso* alone! Did you observe how bravely he defended himself in the Gap?

Mel. No really, I minded your hideous Outcries most. You shriek'd so loud that I half lost my Senses. Tho' I think *Alphonso* had absolutely kill'd Five and almost subdu'd the Sixth, before our Lovers came up to his Assistance.

Sap. Yes; and after they had made the Cowards turn Tail, I cou'd not but observe the inexpressible Joy that sparkled in the Eyes of *True-man*, when he found it was me he had deliver'd from those Ruffians.

Mel.

Mel. May Fortune continue to be as propitious to us as hitherto she has been!

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Ladies, I'm your Slave.—Well, Madam, I hope you're recover'd of your Fright and Discomposure. — [To Melissa.

Mel. Yes, Sir, and I thank you for your heroic Defence of us : — But I have one Question to ask you, which I conjure you to answer me.

Alph. Without the least Equivocation, Madam, I will.

Mel. By your Sword ?

Alph. And your Virginity.

Mel. Then who of our Sex was the first Object of your Love ?

Alph. Your-self, Madam.

Mel. Remember you're upon your Oath, Sir.

Alph. Then upon my Honour, Madam, I never lov'd any besides you, — one only excepted.

Mel. And pray, if I may be so bold, who might she be, Sir ?

Alph. No Christian Creature, I assure you.

Mel. What then, a *Pagan* ? — You seem ruffled, Sir.

Alph. I'll be ingenuous and disclose the Secret at once, Madam. When I was in *Peru*, I saw a beautiful *Indian*, whom I sincerely lov'd. That dear *Peruvian* I lost, and am now determin'd to love none but you.

Mel. But were you to meet with her again, wou'd you not leave me for her ?

Alph. *Fatima* ! Oh my Heart ! I beseech you, Madam. —

Enter

Enter Lovelass.

Alph. Noble Stranger, I thank you for your kind Relief, the two Ladies and I owe our Lives to you and your Friend.

Love. I did nothing but my Duty. Madam, I'm glad to see you so well, [*to Sapphira,*] Oh, my dear Charmer!— [*To Melissa.*

Mel. So warm, Sir! you're more hot than prudent.

Love. Oh! did you know the Excess of my Love— [*Catching her in his Arms.*]

Alph. I must beg you to desist, Sir.

Love. Have you any Interest in this Lady, Sir?

Alph. I hope so, Sir.

Love. That must be disputed by our Swords, Sir.

Alph. Then draw.

Love. Have at thy Heart.— [*They fight.*

Sap. Help, help, Murther! *Mel.* Murther, murther! [*Sap. and Mel. runs off screaming.*

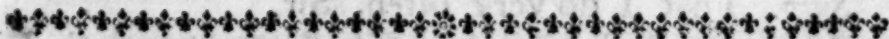
Alphonso disarms Lovelass.

Alph. Now Sir.—Where's your Title now?

Love. 'Tis vanish'd—And so must I.

[*Runs off.*

Scene closes.



SCENE VII.

Enter Lovelass and Snipsnap:

Love. Now, *Snipsnap*, we are entring upon
G New

new Projects.—Do you mind your Cue, and play your Part to the best Advantage.

Snip. Never fear me Sir.

Love. I don't *Snipsnap*.—I have had Experience of thy Abilities.—My Design is, *Snipsnap*.—

Snip. What pray! good Sir?

Love. To set up for a Conjuror.

Snip. Nobody, Sir, wou'd take you for one, I dare swear for it.

Love. Hold your sawcy impertinent Tongue, Sirrah. Let me have none of your Fleers. Your Wit is unseasonable at present.—Mind, pray, what I am going to say to you.

Snip. Oh, Sir, both Ears are at your Service.

Love. Hear me then, and observe my Orders.—Do you give out that a certain Conjuror.—

Snip. Meaning yourself, Sir.

Love. Still impertinent, how dare you interrupt me? Give it out, I say, that I am an universal Fortune-teller, that if any Persons have lost their Goods, Hearts, or Sweet-hearts, or in short, any thing else, be it what it will, I'll restore them Gratis.

Snip. That's cheap enough, Sir, in Conscience. You'll help other Folks to lost Hearts, and can't tell where to find your own. Charity, Sir, methinks, should begin at home.

Love. Hold your Tongue, Sirrah, and mark what I say.—In this Scheme of mine, *Snipsnap*, you must play the Devil upon Occasion:—

Snip. That I do very often, Sir.

Love. Or a Spirit, or a Ghost, or—and tho' I kick, pinch, or beat you ever so, you must take it all in good Part.—D'ye hear me, *Snipsnap*?

Snip. I can't hear with that Ear, Sir.

Love. Can't you, Sir, then begone, you jolter headed

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headed Dog you, I'll make you feel me I will Sirrah. [*kicks him*] [*Snipsnap runs off.*]

Love. Now help me, Fortune! cease but your Tricks for once, and jilt me ever after if you please.

Enter Snipsnap and four Courtezans.

Love. How now Sirrah, whar do want?

Snip. Nothing at all Sir, but these four Ladies want you, Sir. [*Exit.*]

1 *Cour.* Mr. *Lovelass*, you're welcome to *London*. 'Tis an Age since I saw you.

2 *Cour.* Oh Mr. *Lovelass*! I hope we shall renew our Pleasures.

3 *Cour.* Out upon that naughty Woman,—faugh!—

4 *Cour.* I wish she isn't some Drab of the Town.

2 *Cour.* Truly Mrs. *Minx*, I'm as good as yourself.

Love. Death and the Devil!—I wish you were all hang'd! [*Aside.*]

4, *Cour.* You as good as I! Nay then I'd e'en take to my Garters.—I never had any Bastards, huzzy.

1 *Cour.* No, nor I neither, except two; and they were both born in Wedlock, I'd have you to know, Miss *Flirt*.

3 *Cour.* I wonder some Folks should give themselves such Airs, when some Folks know, that some Folks are no better than some Folks think 'em.

2 *Cour.* I'm surpriz'd at the Impudence of these Creatures, these Trollops, these Sluts.

Love. I perceive, Ladies, you're all very busy—
—Another time will do for me. *[Exit.]*

4 Cour. Creatures, Trollops, Sluts! Marry come up—Vile Jade! I wonder, Ladies, you don't tear her Eyes out.—Sluts! quoth a!

2 Cour. Yes Slut, Bitch, Whore, Trull, Baggage, Prostitute, Jilt, Bawd, Sneaker, Shop-lifter, Bulk-heaver, Pocket-picker, Strumpet.—

4 Cour. What d'ye mean Huzzy, by all this Billingsgate Language? *[Pulls her Cap.]*

1 Cour. But I woud'nt have the Lady hurt neither. *[Lays hold of 4 Cour.]*

3 Cour. I'll stand by my Friend. *[Beats the first Cour.]*

[They all Fight, and screaming, drive one another off the Stage.]

[The Scene closes.]

The end of the Third Act,



ACT



A C T IV.

SCENE I.

*Discovers Lovelass in a Conjuror's Habit, with
Globes, Books, Papers, &c.*

Enter Old Wasp.

Lovelass.



Nipsnapperorio, erkou.

Snip. Erkomai, kurie, hic est l'homme antique qui vous manque, signior Conjurario.

Love. Bouleme auto appropinquare devant moi.

Snip. Nai, kurie. L'est le veille Wawpe,—vous entendez, maître.

Old W. Matter, what may the matter be, Sir, pray?

Love. Well! I must endeavour to speak *English*, I find—your Will and Pleasure, Sir?

Old W. I must not come to the Point in Question directly. [*Aside*] Pray what Country, may be so happy as to boast the Birth of so learned a Man as yourself, Sir?

Love.

Love. I am, Sir, a Skrimram-veer-mere-hauffe-nian.

Old W. Skima-rammer, meer-horse.—What Country in the Devil's Name is that, I wonder.

[*Aside.*

Love. You have a Daughter, old Gentleman, but you don't come about her, I know full well.

Old W. No, Sir, no—— But I have a Mind——

Love. To marry your Maid, Sir.

Old W. Adzookers; how shou'd he know that?

[*Aside.*

Love. Now, Sir, I'm satisfied the Girl is very bashful, and very coy,—but——

Old W. A most learned Man. [*Aside.*

Love. But if you'll get your Daughter to Bed betimes, and prevail on *Jenny*, to sup with you to Night, precisely at Ten, by your own Watch, if I say, you'll give her a Kiss, at that critical Minute, and ask her to have you, if she denies you,——then say I am an Impostor, and have no skill in Divination.

Old W. Thank'ee, good Mr. Conjurer, at Ten o'Clock, by my own Watch, you say.—I'll get my Daughter to Bed time enough, I warrant you. How should he know the Girls name is *Jenny*?——A most learned Man to be sure! [*Aside.*

[*Exit.*

Enter Sapphira and Melissa, in their Veils.

Snip. Sappy and Milly, maître.

Love. Ladies, you may spare yourselves the Trouble of telling me your Errand.—I know it before hand.—You Madam [*to Sapphira*]
are

are in Love with the Duke of Savoy, who has assum'd the Name of *Will. Trueman*; and you Madam [*to Melissa*] doat upon Lord *Ferdinand*; who calls himself *Tom Lovelass*. But before I proceed, you must be ingenuous, and answer me one Question, Ladies. — Is not this matter of Fact?

Both. 'Tis Truth indeed.

Love. Very well, and I can tell you, there is no Love lost between you. — Let me see, Ladies, the Persons you are thus fond of, admire your Sex only for the Pleasure of present Enjoyment: not, but I believe lord *Ferdinand* doats on you Madam, almost to Distraction.

Mel. Mark you that, my Dear? [*to Saphira*.]

Love. Now, Ladies, let me ask you one Question more. — Are you willing to make them any Affignation?

Sap. We are Women of Virtue, Sir, and if you think we have any ill Intentions, you injure us very much.

Mel. No, tho' I love Lord *Ferdinand* as my Life, yet, gracious Powers, [*kneels*] ye know my Heart; and if I harbour the least Thought of entertaining a Passion for him, any otherwise than upon honourable Terms, oh! tear it from my Bosom, and lay the glowing Crime before the World.

Sap. And if the dearest Nerve that winds about my Heart, shou'd incline to a dishonourable Love, I'd rend away the vital Chord, and die with Joy.

Love. Heroic Ladies. — I'm confounded. [*Aside* Your Virtue has made a deep Impression upon me. Persist in your glorious Resolutions, and I doubt

doubt not but you'll both be happy.—I have no more to add. [*Exeunt Saphira and Melissa.*]

Love. Certainly Virtue is a most amiable Thing—but—oh *Melissa*! oh my Heart!

Enter Old Wasp's Maid.

Love. Come near, Sweet-heart. I suppose you want to be married.

Maid. My Master, Reverend Sir, has——

Love. Look'ee, *Jacomo* will never have you. The old Man's rich, therefore take my Advice. About Ten o'Clock he'll be with you, be sure you don't neglect supping with him, if he ask you; and if at Ten o'Clock, I say, he offers to kiss you, and presses you to marry him, get over your Scruples, and snap him up immediately. Your Fortune's made Girl, and you're happy. I have nothing else to tell you.—

Maid. Be pleas'd to accept this small Token of my Thanks for your kind Advice, Sir. [*Offers him Money.*]

Love. —— No no, Child, I take no Fees. Well! I will marry her, but as for the Duke—
[*Exit Maid.*]

Enter Snipsnap.

Snip. Sir, Sir, here are four Country Loobies below, Sir, have left a Horse, and they want you, Sir, to find him for 'em.

Love. I am not in an over-merry Mood at Present, but this will give us some Diversion, do you wrap yourself in a winding-Sheet, crawl under the Table there, that's covered with a green Cloth, and when I say, *presto pat presto*, come out

out, and stalk about like a Ghost.—Mean while
I'll step down to 'em. [Exit Lovelass.

Snip. Oh! now I think ont! there's a Cow's
Hide in the Lumber-Room, I'll put it on,—
That will Answer the purpose much better.
That will frighten 'em rarely. [Exit.

SCENE II. Discovers Lovelass as before.

Enter four Fellows.

Love. Your Master's Horse, has stray'd,—
let me see—'Tis now—

1 Fel. Don't go too near Jack. [Aside.

Love. Now you'd be glad to find him I sup-
pose.

2 Fel. Heav'ns bless us! how shou'd he know
that, Tom? [Aside.

Love. Now with respect to this fine Horse—
you are in quest of—

3 Fel. Poor Sorrel! Come next Lammas
'twill be three—

Love. Prithee hear me, honest Friend, your
master bought this Sorrel Horse of his, about two
Years and ten Months ago.

4 Fel. And wou'dn't—

Love. Have Patience, Friend—And wou'dn't
part with him for the best Horse in all the Coun-
try. No Money could purchase him.

3 Fel. I'm sure I us'd to lock the—

Love. Why will you interrupt me?—Now
as the Stable Door was always kept under Lock
and Key, you wonder what's become of him.

2 Fel. Oh the Devil!

[Aside.

H

Love

Love. But as none of you are so honest as—

All. Oh!

1 Fel. He'll do us a Mischief, I fear presently.

[*Aside.*

4 Fel. Well! this comes of going to Conjurers.

[*Aside.*

Love. Some Thief has stole him, and to know who is the Man I must try a few Charms. [*Makes a Ring round 'em*] Now I charge you, on Peril of your Lives, not to stir out of this Circle.

Zumber up pundo smat a vall

Fack at o racko gat a ball

Sizzee be du see fell a fee

Smitza pipopa scalporee

Presto pat Presto——Snipsnap comes out with his Hide on.

Love. The Devil indeed! the Mockers mockt.

1 Fel. The Devil! ay to be sure, who shou'd it be?

Love. Oh the Devil! the Devil! Take care of yourselves.

3 Fel. The Conjuror's frighten'd, let's run.

2 Fel. I wish the Devil don't prove too hard for him; but we'd better not stir out of the Circle.

4 Fel. Prithee fly for't, or we shall be torn to Pieces; come, let's run away.—See how he chafes!

Love. Oh, oh, oh! Oh Laud,

All. Oh Laud! oh oh!

[*Snipsnap runs after Lovelass, striving to undeceive him; he runs against the Fellows, they all run round the Stage in Confusion; the third Fellow tumbles Down and the rest over him; Snipsnap falls upon them: They roar hideously.*

Love.

Love. Oh the Devil will break my Back.—
Good Friends, save me.—I never design'd to
raise the Devil——Oh, oh!

1 Fel. Oh my Leg, my Leg! pray, good Sa-
tan, dear Satan—oh, oh!

3 Fel. We shall be thrown down headlong to
Hell, oh, oh!

[*They all struggle, cry and bellow, till Lovelass
gets up, and runs off, Snipsnap follows him.*]

4 Fel. I protest, I thought the Devil wou'd
have carried away my Head with him. I never
was so terrified in all my Life.

2 Fel. I suppose, the Conjuror made some
Blunder; — but I warrant ye, he'll manage him
presently.

3. Fel. Lets after 'em at a Distance, and see.

[*Exeunt Fellows.*]

Enter Lovelass.

Love. What a Cod's head was I not to think
on't. *Snipsnap* wan't to blame; but I believe I
must leave off this conjuring soon: My Reputa-
tion and Trade too I fear will both be spoil'd.—
But hark!—I must resume my Post once
more.

Enter two Ladies.

1 Lady. Sir, we beg of you to tell us what it is
we are now come about, as an incontestable Proof,
of your being no Impostor.

Love. Why really, Ladies, [*Turns his Globe a-
bout*] by the Dog-Star here, I find, you are both
hot after Husbands.

2 *Lady*. No truly, Sir, our sole Purpose was to prove you an errand Cheat, as you might have perceiv'd by what she said, had there been any Brains in that thick Scull of yours.

1 *Lady*. I find you are but an Ass in a Lion's Skin, and so Adieu, Mr. Conjurer. [*Exeunt.*]

Love. Egad! I was fairly catch'd.—Adieu Conjuraton! [*breaks his Wand.*]

And since the Astrologer wont do, I'll try whether Lord *Ferdinand* has any Charms. Divine *Melissa*! I'll marry thee, and make thee as happy as a Princess. I'll to her, and tell her so.

Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Miss Wasp and Snipsnap.

Snip. My dear, sweet-natur'd Creature, I'm charm'd with thy Compliance. Well, remember the Hour—Eleven exactly.—I'll secure the Priest—Take care the Silk Ladder is not seen. You shall find, you have not match'd beneath yourself.

Miss W. Do not think me bold—forgive my Forwardness.—You know the Reasons, and be assur'd, I'll not disappoint you.

Snip. Hift! here's my Master: I beseech you, my dearest *Becky*, step in here for a few Minutes. [*Exit Miss Wasp.*]

Enter Lovelass.

Love. Oh! *Snipsnap*, I'm as dull as a Beetle—
—I'm

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—I'm eaten up with the Spleen.—Prithee divert me some way or other, if thou canst.

Snip. I can sing, Sir.

Love. Do, my dear Boy.—Begin.

Snipsnap sings

*The terrible Tortures I suffer,
Which my Heart-strings are ready to break,
She cannot, but think now enough are,
Since I'm almost destroy'd by Miss Beck.*

*My Passion I strove to have curbed,
And clap'd on it many a Check ;
But alas ! the more 'twas disturbed,
The more it encreas'd for Miss Beck.*

*See Venus herself's but a Dowdy,
A Slattern ! a Trollop ! i'feck,
Her Aspect is Brown, her Eyes cloudy,
Compar'd with the charming Miss Beck.*

*I fain wou'd get rid of this pulling,
Tho' for her I would lay down my Neck ;
Yet now I'll no longer be fooling,
But live happy, or dye by Miss Beck.*

*By my fasting I almost was starved,
But a little begin now to peck ;
Sure, much better Fate I've deserved,
For so loving the cruel Miss Beck.*

*Madam Fame, with her Trumpet and Lying,
On her cannot cast the least Speck ;
But ah ! I am dying and dying,
And dying for charming Miss Beck.*

Farewel,

*Farewel, my dear Creature, I'm going,
 My Heart and my Thoughts are at Wreck
 And yet you mind nothing but Sowing,
 And leave me to dye for——*

Love. Hift, Sirrah! hold your Tongue.

Snip. There are but two Stanza's more, Ma-
 ster——

Love. Be gone, Sirrah, this Moment——Be
 gone. [Exit Snipsnap.]

Enter Sapphira and Melissa.

Love. Madam, your humble Servant, (*to Sapphira.*) Thou dearest Charmer of my Heart, and Soul! (*to Melissa*) Here's my Hand with my Heart in't; and there's nothing wanting but your Consent, Madam, to give us both a Felicity, large as our Wishes and lasting as our Lives.

Mel. You have too much Delicacy, my Lord, to think I shou'd immediately drive a *Smithfield* Bargain, tho' excuse the Blushes of a modest Maiden, when I own that I have no Aversion to you.

Love. My lovely Creature, let me beseech you to give me leave to appoint a Time when we shall be happy.

Mel. Not so warm my Lord. I fear your Love's too hot to hold; but let me tell you, while you continue in the unwarrantable, not to say, loose way of Life you are at present in, wou'd you make me Mistress of both the *Indies*, I wou'd refuse you.

Love. I will not, Madam, attempt to vindicate my Conduct. I frankly confess, it has been blame-worthy. But your Charms have made
 me

me a Convert to Virtue, and I can assure you sincerely, cou'd I have the Possession of your Person, without that of your Heart, I would reject it.

Mel. I am extremely glad, my Lord, that you are so much reform'd, and should be much pleas'd with myself, if I have contributed any thing towards it. But let me intreat you to tell me, whether you think the Duke wou'd marry my Friend or not.

Love. Certainly he never will—I durst not lye. *[Aside.*

Heigh ho! pray, Madam—

Mel. Nay Sir, I'll not marry before her, I assure you. Therefore, if you can forward her Happiness, as well as mine, do.

Love. May be if I tell her — She'll resign herself to the Duke's Arms, without Marriage—It must be so. *[Aside.*

Why truly, Madam, if the Duke was a single Man—

Sap. Now are my Hopes blasted.—Farewel Peace and Joy!

Mel. Wherever you go, I'll accompany you, my Dear.

Enter Trueman.

Love. Instead of doing good, I find I've done Mischief—I meant well however. *[Aside.*

True. Ladies, your Servant.—

Sap. I'm surpriz'd, my Lord, you shou'd persecute us poor Innocents in this cruel Manner. Let me tell you, it's beneath your Dignity. *[Weeps.]*

Mel.

Mel. For shame, go home to your disconsolate Wife.—Comfort her, and wrong her Bed no more.

True. Why am I marry'd?

Mel. You know you are.

True. Indeed I don't.

Mel. Lord *Ferdinand* just now told us so. Farewell! We part now never to meet again. [*Exeunt.*

True. Lord *Ferdinand*, draw.

[*They fight, and as they push, Lovelace throws away his own Sword, and attempts to run upon his Adversaries, but is hinder'd by True-man, whom he embraces tenderly.*]

Love. Oh! my Liege, call me Fool, Afs, Coward, any thing; it is by my Means, we have lost both our Mistresses. Words can't express my Folly. Oh, oh! [*They both weep.*]

True. I see my Folly now, and have too good an Opinion of you to think you'd do me a Prejudice with Design.

Love. No, that I would not—But my Plots have been counter-acted or miscarry'd; however, let us go in, and consult some Way to compensate our Misfortunes.

True. Agreed—I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter old Wasp, his Daughter, and the Maid.

Old W. 'Tis Time to go to Bed, Daughter. There's a good Girl, go to Bed, and leave me: I want to be alone.

Beck.

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Beck. Come then, *Jenny*, let's to Bed, since my Papa will have it so.

Old W. No *Jenny*, I'd have you stay, and sup with me.

Maid. Just as the Conjuror told me. [*Aside.*]

Beck. Surely Papa, if she stays, I may.

Old W. No, but you seem sleepy, and I desire you'd go to Bed, *Becky*. Why do you hang about me so?

Beck. Because I'm afraid you are angry with me Papa.

Old W. No Child, I shan't if you'll go to Bed—Heav'ns! how shall I get rid of this little prattling Baggage. [*Aside.*]

Beck. Why, it is not Ten o'Clock yet. Pray Papa, let me stay.

Old W. It wants but ten Minutes. Do my Dear, let me intreat you to leave me for a Quarter of an Hour, if you won't go to Bed.

Maid. Pray, Miss, leave your Papa, when he desires you.

Old W. My dear Child, it is my earnest Request you'd leave me. I want to be alone, I tell thee.

Beck. Pray, Papa, forgive me, and I'll tell you a Story.

Old W. [*Pulling out his Watch.*] Death, Furies, Hell, and Perdition! it wants but Three Minutes. Begone, this Moment. [*Angrily.*]

[*Exit Miss Wasp, crying.*]

Old W. Come, *Jenny*, come to Supper.

Maid. Exactly as the Conjuror said. [*Aside.*]

Old W. [*Looking at his Watch.*] Now's the critical Minute. — Come here, *Jenny* my little Pignies; 'sbud wilt have me? [*Kissing her.*]

Maid. You are so good, one don't know how to deny you any Thing.

Old W. Come then, *Jenny*, give me thy Hand, Girl.——Now for a fine Speech.——By the Hand of mine, that kisses now thy Virgin-Palm, I'm thine.

Maid. And I am your's; —but let me hide my Blushes in your Bosom.

Old W. Oh, I'm in an Extacy. Now I'll call *Becky*. *Beck*, Daughter, where are you? *Beck*, *Beck*. [Exit.

Maid. Nay, I must not leave the old Gentleman at present, but e'en strike while the Iron's hot. [Runs out.

Enter Sapphira and Melissa.

Mel. My good Friend, I have provided every Thing ready; and no Body's let into the Secret but *Fanny*.

Sap. So we are to go in Chairs at Eleven to the *Dover* Coach, which sets out at Twelve——

Mel. Yes, and the Vessel is ready to set sail; it only waits for us; there's a fair Wind, and there is not a more commodious, or pleasant Nunnery in the World.

Sap. But, methinks, it's a Pity to take you away, when you have so so fine a Prospect of being happy,

Mel. How can I tell, but what *Lovelass* may be marry'd too? No, I'm resolv'd on a recluse Life as well as you, and we'll be exceedingly happy in each others Company.

Sap. Oh *Melissa*! notwithstanding you're so sanguine, I can't forbear thinking the Veil but ill becomes

becomes us at present; and if so, what wou'd a perpetual one do?

Mel. Why, when we have staid a Year or two, and find we don't like it, we'll come over again; and by that Time our Lovers will be gone from England.

Sap. That's true, we need not be confin'd; but I'm a little fearful lest *Alphonso* should intercept us; he's forever at our Door; take care of him, for as he says,

*With Tears I dew, and kiss the Door,
Nor can till Morn depart;
Then vent ten Thousand Sighs, and more;
Alas! 'twill break my Heart.*

Mel. Ay, poor Fool, did he once know how near him *Fatima* was, I shou'd no longer be troubled with him.

Sap. Well, still I cannot but hope that what *Lovelace* says may prove false; tho' there's little Reason to expect it, yet, — no it cannot be, but —

Mel. Prithee, my dear, think no more of it; they have both been so wild—you see I give up my Love for your sake, and put the greatest Restraint upon Nature.

Sap. Not for my sake only *Melissa*. Don't say so.— But let us not loiter. Delays are dangerous. —

*However Pleasure boldly we'll defy;
To remote Countries both together fly.
There veil our Faces, and obscure the Head,
Where none shall wail us, or alive, or dead.
We'll Hand in Hand, resign our latest Breath,
And drop with Silence, in the Arms of Death.*

Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Newcomb.

Newcomb:



HIS I think, is the House, where
my charming *Fanny* told me she was;
and this the Window from whence
she was to descend. Hift! a Voice.
'Tis she—*masqu'd*—right.

[Miss Wasp looks out at Window.]

New. Are you there, my dear Creature? — Come
fly, fill my impatient Arms, and let me clasp thee
to my heaving, panting, longing, loving Bosom.
Where's the Silk Ladder?

Miss W. Here, here, *[throws it out, and comes
down.]*

New. Away, my Love, I have prepar'd the
Parson, *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Snipsnap.

Snip. Now for this dear, loving Creature! I
think this is the old Rogue's House.—My Life,
my Love, my Soul!

Fan.

Fan. Here, take hold of the Bottom of the Silk Ladder. I come, I come. [*Descends masqu'd.*] Ha! who are you?

Snip. What don't you know your Snipsnap?

Fan. Yes; and you know Fanny too, [*un-masquing.*]

Snip. Tell me your Design this Moment, or receive this Pontiard plung'd in your Bosom.

Fan. Nay, good Snipsnap.

Snip. Tell me this Moment, I say——

Fan. I will, I will.—Know then, that Sapphira and Melessa propose this very Night to run away to a Nunnery; I only am let into the Secret; and because I threaten'd to discover it, they wou'dn't have suffer'd me to stir from hence, had not Newcomb found Means to let me know that he'd take me away and marry me; whereupon he procured me this Silk Ladder with which I was to get down, and meet him; and——

Snip. 'Tis enough; there's no Time to trifle. Now must I go, and let my Master know this Affair. Come along. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Alphonso.

Al. Oh my *Fetima*! all the Tribute of Sighs and Tears, which I pay to another are due, and only meant to thee.

Enter Sapphira and Melissa, screaming, two Men following e'm.

Al. Hold Villains! [*Draws and Fights — They run off.*]

Al. Now, Ladies, let me beg of you to tell me why you ventur'd here alone at this unreasonable Time

Time of Night—Are you in Love? — I suppose so, and if that be the Case, I heartily pity ye.

Enter Trueman and Lovelass.

Love. There they are.

Sap. All's lost, *Melissa!*

True. Ladies, you seem frighten'd, pray—

Enter Old Wasp.

Old W. Disappointment and Pleasure always go Hand in Hand together; somebody, I know not who, has run away with my Daughter, it seems; but I am marry'd, and we are extremely merry for all that.—If you please, good Folks, to come into my House, your Company will be very acceptable. Come, I beseech ye, come in. Come Ladies—Come Gentlemen. [*They follow him in.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Newcomb and Miss Wasp.

New. Yes, indeed, you shall run away from your Father's — I'll carry you back, Madam, I'll assure you—and for a Footman too—oh shocking!—Your Father will thank me, Miss, I doubt not, for my good Offices; and so would you too, were you but a little older and wiser, Miss.

Miss W. He may perhaps, but I shan't I promise you. — Dear Sir, if you've any Compassion for a poor young Girl, I beseech you don't force me back. Indeed, Sir, my Papa uses me most cruelly.

New.

New. No otherwise Child, than all Fathers use their Sons and Daughters now a-days. They're never suffer'd to have the common Liberty of true-born Britons now, but are mew'd up, like Hawks and Monks. I was serv'd so myself once; and I am verily perswaded, that 'twou'd be better for Old England, were eighty seven Thousand old Fathers so good as to tip off the Perch.

Miss W. Then, Sir, I beseech you, by what you have suffer'd yourself, not to convey me back again.

New. Your Prayers, Miss, are all in vain; for I find you are a pert, saucy Girl, and want a Husband; I'm determin'd therefore to mortify you, were it only for my own Vexation and Disappointment; and sure I am, this will do't to some perfection.

Enter Fatima masqu'd.

Fat. You need not fear, Miss; all will be well—much better than you imagine;—so, chear up, Miss.

Miss W. Oh, but he will carry me back to my Father's, and I'm afraid the old Man will murder me.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. Ha! my Mistress.—Now, Fortune, stand my Friend.—That Lady, Sir, [*strutting*] does not belong to you.

New. In short, Sir, if you don't hold your impertinent Tongue, Sir, I'll slit it for you, take notice of that Sir.

Jac. Then draw, Sir. (*They prepare for fighting.* Newcomb makes a Thrust at him, as if he intended to run him thro', but turns the Hilt of his Sword against his Belly. — [*He falls back.*]

Fat,

Fat. Phaugh!—What a Stink is here! You are going to Mr. *Wasp's*, I suppose, Sir?

New. Yes, Madam.

Fat. So am I, Sir, and shall be glad of your good Company.

New. With all my Heart, Madam. Come Miss.

Miss W. Oh! pray, Sir, dear Sir!—Nay if I must, yet.—— [Exeunt

SCENE III.

Old Wasp's Parlour.

Enter *Sapphira*, *Melissa*, *Trueman*, *Lovelass*, *Fanny*, *Alphonso*, *Snipsnap*, *Old Wasp*, and *his Wife*.

True. And now, Madam, I hope you are fully convinc'd of my Innocence; and that I love no Soul but you, and never will marry any other.

Sap. You'll pardon me, Sir, I hope, if I still continue a little jealous.

True. Shall I swear, Madam?

Sap. No, Sir.——Your Honour is sufficient.

True. Then hear me, Madam; and if I swerve one Tittle from the Truth, Heav'n blast my utmost Wishes. I own, Madam, I had an Inclination at first to procure you, for a Mistress; but when I found you resolute, your steadfast Virtue pleas'd and amaz'd me; made a Convert of me, and all my Ambition center'd in making you my lawful wife. My Passion for all your Sex besides is wholly lost, and all the Beams of my Love unite

unite in one Center, that is, you. You alone I love, my Heart is yours already, and here's my Hand to confirm it. [*She is silent.*]

True. [*to Sapphira*] And yet do you doubt; Madam?—I beseech you, banish all Fears; and believe me, when I affirm, that I'll be the most tender, constant, complaisant, obliging, indulgent Husband in the World.

Sap. Well! my Lord, I am satisfy'd; and as you have so generously offer'd me your Hand, here's mine in Return.

True. Dearest Creature, I am charm'd with your Condescension. Now take the Duke of Savoy to your Arms. By this Kiss I'm thine for ever, and none shall share my Affections; but the adorable *Sapphira*. [*Embracing her.*]

Sap. My Lord, I hope, I shall not be wanting in Obedience, or out-done by you in Love.

True. This, this alone, shall our Affections try;
Who is the truest Lover, You or I;
To-morrow Morning, we'll tye the indissoluble Knot.

Love. Madam, [*to Melissa*] let me beseech you, hear the Groans of another Convert to Virtue, and one that sighs, and grieves; and pines, and dies for you.

Mel. Common-place stuff for every Female.

Love. Indeed, my Charmer, you do me Injustice; I have never lov'd any since I saw you, nor thought of any of your Sex but you. You I love, you alone I love, and you shall be the only Person I'll ever marry.

Alph. Madam, this bold Intruder—

Mel. One at a Time, I beseech you.

True. Let me intreat you, Madam, to make me one Promise.

Mel. I know you're a Person of Honour—I will.—What is it?

True. That you would marry, Madam, one of 'em, either *Lovelass* or *Alphonso*.

Mel. Humph! now I'm trickt—I did not expect this, my Lord. Well! 'tis too late to help it.

All. Ha, ha, he!

Alph. Poor *Lovelass*!

Love. Alas, poor *Alphonso*!—Now I'm safe.

[*Aside.*

Love. Come, Madam, as you must take one, give your Hand to him you like the best.

Mel. I will, but it shall be conditionally. Therefore here, Lord *Ferdinand*, you know I have your Heart, and you have mine: But, as in my Promise, I kept clear of Time, so I am not bound to marry you, 'till I think proper.—But for your Comfort, I declare, if ever I do marry, it shall be you.

Love. This is an Evasion, Madam, I was not aware of——But I'll beg of you, on my bare bended Knees, that the same Morning the Duke of *Savoy* is made a Bridegroom, his Wife's Friend wou'd marry the Duke's sworn Friend, Lord *Ferdinand*.

Mel. Indeed, my Lord, I must have some stronger Proofs of your Reformation first.—You've been a General Lover.

Fer. I'll say all that the Duke has said to *Sapphira* over again: What wou'd you have more?

Mel. I'll tell you what I peremptorily insist upon, and if you'll comply with my Terms, I'll marry you, my Lord.

Fer. I will, upon my Honour.

Mel.

Mel. Well then, for one Year; nay don't start for one Year, I say, you shall every Morning let me have three Letters from you, one to declare your Love; another your Penitence; and another your good Purposes: And in the Ev'ning, a Copy of Verses on the Strength and Violence of your Passion. If you fail in the least Tittle, I'm free.

Fer. If you'd marry me first, I'd be willing to do this afterwards.

Duke. Come, *Melissa*. You're too severe: Let me beseech you to soften his Penance. I'll pledge my Honour for him, he'll prove as sober a Man, and as good a Husband as any one in the World. I know him best.

Fer. Thank ye, my Liege, and now, my Charmer, I hope, you have nothing to object. Here's my Hand. [*Joins them*]

Mel. And here's mine. The same Parson that joins them, shall next join us.

Fer. This is Condescension indeed.—I'm all Raptures, and cannot utter my Thoughts or express my Gratitude. I'm thine for ever. [*Kisses her*]. [*A knocking.*]

Enter Fatima, out of Breath.

Fat. Oh, thank Heav'ns! I'm here a good while before 'em.

Alph. What shall I do?—Good Gods! my *Fatima*!

Fat. 'Tis she—the very same—my lov'd *Alphonso*. [*They run and embrace each other.*]

Mel. How Love and Extasy tye up their Tongues!

Mrs. W. I wish there isn't a second Deluge coming and this the Ark ; the unclean Birds flock here so fast in Couples.

Alph. Farewel *Melissa*, I have found my Love. —

Ye gracious Pow'rs, your Kindness I admire.

My Charmer, I've a thousand Things to say.

My Thoughts roll thick upon me in a Whirl.

My Heart is full ; but oh my Eyes can speak. —

Now am I happy, let's To-Morrow tye

The nuptial Bond.

Fat. Agreed ! my Life, my Soul,
Then we'll dissolve in Bliss ; in Transports live, —
And be encircled in each other's Arms ;
Pity crown'd Heads, and wrap ourselves in Love.

[A knocking.]

Enter Newcomb and Miss Wasp.

New. Here, Mr. *Wasp*, I've found your Daughter was going to be marry'd forsooth, but met with her, and brought her back.

Old W. A Million of Blessings attend you.

New. What, my *Fanny* ; nay then, I'm happy. Come, my Dear, let's no longer defer our Happiness, but join Hands To-Morrow.

Fan. Your Will is mine.

Snip. Hey day ! five Matches in five Minutes. I'll e'en try to make the sixth. Methinks, Madam, Fortune seems to be in one of her gay Airs this Ev'ning. Mr. *Wasp*, I've something of Importance to communicate to you.

Old W. Say on.

Snip. I love your Daughter ; she loves me ; and we can neither of us ever be happy without one another.

Miss

Miss W. Indeed, Papa, what Mr. *Snipsnap* says is very true.

Snip. You cannot deny, you promis'd me I should have her.

Miss W. And remember, Papa, you told me I shou'd have him, and him alone.

Snip. Now, Sir, tho' you see me habited like a Foot-boy, assure yourself I'm not such originally. I am *English* born, but in the late Wars my Father, who was a Man of Fortune went over to *America*: We were cast away; I and a Servant that attended me were drove ashore I know not where, but we travell'd to *Savoy*. I was not above seven Years old then; my Servant dy'd upon the Road, but Lord *Ferdinand* liking me, took me into his Family, whom I have serv'd ever since.

Love. What my Man asserts, is Fact I can assure you, Sir.

New. Lye still, my flutt'ring Heart.—Pray what was your Name?

Snip. My assum'd one is *Snipsnap*, Sir, but my real Name is *Newcomb*.

New. My Brother! oh my Brother! [*Embracing.*] Here's Joy indeed, to find a Mistress and a Brother both at once. My Father has often spoke of you with Tears, and when he dy'd, left ten thousand Pounds in my Hands for your Use, in case you shou'd ever be found: The Interest, indeed, I have always giv'n away to the Poor; the Principal I now resign to you.

Snip. Brother, I thank you, and we'll live like Brothers. Now, Mr. *Wasp*, have you any Objection to my taking your Daughter?

Old W. None at all, Sir. Take her, and God bless you with her.

Miss

The GENERAL LOVER.

Miss W. There's a good Papa. Thankee, Papa,
Snip. How joyful an Hour is this! Call in some
 Fiddles, and let's have a Song and a Dance.

*The Duke, Ferdinand, Alphonso, Newcomb, Snip-
 snap, and old Wasp, on one Side of the Stage,
 Sapphira, Melissa, Fanny, Miss Wasp, Fatima,
 and Mrs. Wasp, on t'other. They meet, join
 Hands, and dance.*

Duke. See the Reward of True and virtuous Love;
 While Vice doth nothing but a Torture prove.
 In her smooth Paths, we tread a winding Maze,
 And lose our Reason in her crooked Ways:
 Tho' Vice a while may bit the Lover's Taste;
 'Tis Virtue only charms his Heart at Last.

Wasp. I've still, my hunting Heart—
 what was your Name?
 Snip. My allum'd one is *Snip-snap*, but my
 real Name is *Newcomb*.
Wasp. My Brother! oh my Brother! (embracing)
 Here's joy indeed, my Brother and a Brother,
 both at once. My other looks of you
 with Tears, and when I, left for the Strand
 Pounds in my Hands, and Uf, in call you
 shoud ever be found, indeed, I have
 always giv' away, the Principle I now
 telling to you.
Snip. Brother, I thank you, and we'll live like
 Brothers. Now, Mr. Wasp, have you any Objection
 to my taking your Daughter?



E P E



EPILOGUE.

HARD is the Poet's Lot!—who's sure to hear }
The hideous Cat-call squawling in his Ear ; }
You Criticks now-a-days are too severe.

The best can't please—They sometimes make a Blot,
Trip in their Diction, or else fail in Plot.

Your Skill's so great, so ready is your Wit,
You cog the Dies,—you're sure their Blot to hit.

If they're too serious, and the Scene be chaste,
They're damn'd at once for being out of Taste.

And if the Bounds of Modesty they break,
Then strait you cry, the Author is a Rake.

What paltry Stuff!—The Author is a Fool.—

Some Senseless Blockhead, just got loose from School!

Well! as I said before, their Case is hard.

What Man that's in his Wits would be a Bard?

Would ever write with the vain Hope to please?

Would e'er be fond of Nursing a Disease?

Since all allow that Writing is an Itch,

That turns the Brains, and does the Mind bewitch.

What shall we say then for our Bard to Night,

Who was resolv'd in Spite of Fate to write?

I ask'd him what he meant.—The Answer made is,

He aim'd at Nothing but to please the Ladies.

If they would Smile, if they his Cause would own,

He scorn'd the Censures of the partial Town.

'Tis from your Bounty, ye obliging Fair,

This Time our Author hopes to end his Care,

If so, he'll never cease to carol forth

The Ladies Glory, and the Sex's Worth.

RECEIVED

HARDY'S BOOKS

[illegible]

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the topic.

10. The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Board of Directors of the City of New York, for the year 1901:

Not only the District, but the State of New York is also

If there is too much, and the 3 are to be kept.

1. The first of these is the fact that the
2. second of these is the fact that the
3. third of these is the fact that the

Then I will be very glad to see you in a while.

— 101 —

100-100000

17. The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Board of Directors of the City of New York, for the year 1900:

1945

1870

2. The Bureau of Census has been directed by the President to conduct a study of the economic conditions of the Negro population.

1877

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them. The list includes names such as "John Smith", "Mary Jones", and "Robert Brown", among others. The addresses are also written in cursive and include street names and city names.

... ..

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

2000

of the

1940

1941

